

POLICE SEARCHED BUT 'ROBBY' GOT ONLY--SEASICK

Missing Mail Clerk Was Taken
Down the Bay on Board
the Olympic.

GOT OFF WITH PILOT.

Secret Service Men and Detectives Thought a Crime Had
Been Committed.

Robert H. Tobler, the Post-Office clerk who disappeared yesterday while in charge of several bags of mail on their way to the outgoing steamship Olympic, turned up this morning betraying effects of a violent attack of mal de mer. He was "lost" aboard the liner, slipped into the pilot boat New York at Sandy Hook and landed in Manhattan at midnight worse off than the "Sick Man of Europe."

Tobler's disappearance set the police, secret service, private detectives and the wireless in an exciting chase. Foreman Thomas Dwyer, who had despatched Tobler from the Grand Central Station with forty bags of mail for the Olympic, learned that the wagon had returned, but he could get no trace of Tobler. The police had heard of no takelash holdup of the carrier and the secret service men had nothing from the pier officials. The Olympic wireless reported that they knew nothing of Tobler's presence on board.

The anxiety of the Post-Office authorities increased as the night wore on. Clerks were sent to Tobler's home in the Bronx to notify his sick wife that he would be late returning. The department was in alarm until shortly after midnight when Foreman Huthelins answered a telephone call.

IT SURE WAS THE VOICE OF

MISSING ROBBY.

"It's Robby, boss. Robby, I'm all-in-the-boss. Notify my wife for me--excuse me--no, I'm not drunk. I'm tired, excuse me a moment, boss. I'm dead sober but he's got a-h-o-f a dead-ahem-he's getting back on land. So ahem--Hut."

Huthelins sat back dazed. It was Tobler's voice, he was sure. But Tobler never drank in his life. Anyway, the clerk was safe, for he talked. He called two clerks and told them to go to Tobler's home and learn what the trouble was, and then he left the following note for the day clerk:

Tobler returned about midnight. He had a hard time, I guess. Went to Sandy Hook and got sick after leaving the ship. Will be back today."

Along about noon, today, Tobler's story of his accident reached Foreman Dwyer. The gloom of working on Washington's Day was somewhat dispelled as the tale circulated through the big Post-Office building. In Tobler's words the clerk repeated it as follows:

"I left the Grand Central Station with thirty minutes to board the liner and get receipts for the mail. The bags were placed and I was getting the papers to sign the certificates when the Olympic began to move. She was out in the river before I finished. There was no way of getting off and the purser told me they would put me ashore at the Hook with the pilot."

GOT UNSTEADY AND SICK

DOWN THE NARROWS.

"Down the Narrows the Olympic sprang up and I got somewhat unsteady, but didn't mind it until I was hauled aboard the pilot boat New York. The heavy sea was buffeting the little craft about like a cork. Suddenly I had an idea of direction--right or wrong. Capt. Kelley tried to straighten me up, but I guess I couldn't straighten. Well, I never want to ride up the Narrows again. If I'm ever in a fix I'm going straight to Europe. Maybe it was 11 o'clock when I got off at St. George. I managed to get over to New York and home early today."

"All night the wind and rain howled against my bedroom. I got sick again. The sound of water made me ill. "Spectres of the night--blue, grey, water and mawling, grimacing forms--danced before me in my mind, and I sent for a doctor. This morning I'm a little better. But I never want to see a gangplank again. I've got to keep away, even if they have to transfer me to the Bronx, where I won't see ships and water."

Tobler is thinner by pounds today. His dark hair has taken on shades of gray, his eyes are glowing like coal red hot coals and his feet--he has not feet--yet."

"Anyhow," observed aged Foreman Dwyer, "middlemen be fatmen and you can't expect them to be thin."

A reception committee of the clerks will be on hand to meet Tobler, but he'll not encounter any water on his way down in the subway.

WOMEN AT POLICE DINNER.

Mrs. Belmont, Dr. Shaw and Miss Strachan Guests of Lieutenants.

For the first time in the history of the Police Lieutenants' Association dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria last night, a large number of women were present by the presence of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Anna Shaw and Miss Strachan. Mrs. Belmont was the winner of the right to equal pay for teachers.

All the city clubs will attend, besides a number of out-of-town guests. Lieut. Richard Knapp, president of the association, will be toastmaster.

FUNNY FACES.

You'll find many of them down at our club, the "Sick Man of Europe" club, on the corner of 14th and 15th streets, New York.

MRS. KNICKERBOCKER KEEPS HOUSE

Experience With Obtrusive Neighbors in the Apartments Adjoining--Fifth of a Series of Articles by Nixola Greeley-Smith.

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MRS. KNICKERBOCKER IS SUBJECT TO WEIRD INTRUSIONS

There Is the Woman Who Calls to Say She Is Going to Kill Herself and Brings Her Parrot to Leave It in Good Hands--This Happens When She Wants a Cup of Tea.

Excuses Made for Declining Invitations to Attend Boreome Teas--Invasion of the Old Maid Who Has Lost Her Canary--Then Comes the Bachelor With a Round Robin.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

Of course there are many Mrs. Knickerbockers who want to get into society, but once in a while a woman is born who desires earnestly and simply to keep out of it.

By society I mean any little coterie of individuals from Fifth avenue to Avenue A who give and attend teas, receptions and bridge parties, not casually, half a dozen times a year, but with the sincere belief that these trivial and boreome functions are part of the serious business of life.

"It's so hard to make friends in New York. Why, nobody knows her next door neighbor here," is the customary comment of the small-town visitor.

But the visitor may rest assured that if no one in a New York apartment knows her, next door neighbor, it is not the next door neighbor's fault.

When little Mrs. Knickerbocker has set up her household gods and established her household goddess in the kitchen of her new apartment, and when her groceries and meats have been duly inspected and approved by the tenants on the floors below, she may expect and be resigned to callers.

WHAT MIGHT BE TERMED A DESPERATE CALL.

"There will not be formal calls to be sure. But some morning when she has just finished shining her wedding silver and is thinking that it is such a lovely beautiful day that she will go over to the park and feed the squirrels, a frantic ring will be heard at the door of her apartment and a moment later a wild-eyed, middle-aged, unscrupulous and kimonoid person will dash past the Golden Girl and into the astonished presence of Mrs. Knickerbocker."

"I just had to talk to some one," the wild-eyed stranger will explain, "and you look so good-natured and sweet, I knew you'd understand. I came in to tell you that I simply can't stand it any longer."

"I am going to kill myself. My friends all said it would come to this when I married him. Have you ever seen my parrot? Do you want to see it? I'd like to be sure that she has a good home before I say goodbye to everything. Oh, do take the parrot. I've left her cage just outside your door and I'd like to see out of the clutches of that brute!"

Mrs. Knickerbocker stares and stares. Expecting, of course, a certain relief at the announcement that the visitor's purpose is self-destruction and not homicide, she remembers suddenly, and asks her to get down, and goes so far as to suggest that a cup of tea might be a soothing influence. Over tea, she hears the sad story of the stranger's life, the attitude and breadth of her family tree, her lonely, unhappy childhood, her many suitors, including one who is now in prison, who went down on his knees to ask her to marry him, and when refused rushed madly from the room, exclaiming: "Those eyes! Those eyes! They will burn me alive!"

Then, after the villainous exclamation: "That brute--that brute!" she begins to feel that she was growing apart--and now this--"this!"

DECLINES TO GIVE LIFE ANOTHER TRIAL.

Mrs. Knickerbocker doesn't rather ask the question "This--this?" amounts to, but she is terribly distressed by it. She promises to care for the parrot, though she detests parrots, and with a flutter of terror beseeches the unhappy and communicative stranger to give life another trial. But the visitor is firm. Her mail has left, so she will have to wait until after the janitor has whistled for the garbage--but not a minute longer--and she must go and write some more letters.

Needless to say, Mrs. Knickerbocker is tremendously depressed and worried. She thinks even about calling up the police, but the peculiar New York terror of "getting

taken to keep out of society--strength of mind, firmness, brutality and a chain on the front door. But it is worth it, for once in nothing can get you out--no new trial, no habeas corpus--not even an *ipse Dixit* from Albany.

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THE DANGER LINE FOR PERSONS NOT WISHING TO MEET NEIGHBORS

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MOTHER AND BABY DROP THREE STORIES AS HOME BURNS

Mrs. Raymond Tosses Infant

Out and Leaps--Police Catch Both.

Mrs. Sarah Raymond threw her fourteen-month-old baby, Edmund, out of a third-story window during a fire at No. 66 Rogers avenue, Flatbush, early today.

Then she jumped herself and was followed by her thirteen-year-old son, Reginald Reed. At the Kings County Hospital it was found the mother and baby were hurt and the boy had escaped with a broken ankle.

The house is a three-story brick. Benjamin Horowitz had a stationery store on the ground floor and lived in the rear with his wife. He smoked smoke shortly after midnight and saw a blaze in his store.

Escape by the hall was cut off, the flames having eaten their way through the wall. Mrs. Horowitz was nearly unconscious from smoke when her husband dragged her to a rear window and carried her to the yard.

His shouts of "Fire!" were heard by Policeman John Van Westering of the Snyder avenue station, who sent an alarm and ran back to help the tenants out of the burning building.

Cavanaugh and they tried to get into the hallway, but the fire was too hot. They went next door, No. 62, around the occupants and got to the rear yard of No. 66.

"Catch my baby! Catch my baby!" they heard a woman scream. Looking up, they saw Mrs. Raymond on the third floor, with the baby in her arms. Before they could reply she had leaped to the ground.

Horowitz jumped and caught the infant. Van Westering rushed to the rear yard, where he found the mother and baby. He rushed to a drug store, not far away, to call an ambulance.

Mrs. Raymond, with another hysterical cry, stood on the sill and leaped. Policeman Cavanaugh and Horowitz broke her fall and she was helped around to the drug store to wait for the ambulance, after she had told the men to wait for her.

It was only a few seconds until Reginald, who is a son by a former marriage, took the jump from the window. His fall was broken by Horowitz and a pile of dirt.

The policemen fought their way to the second floor, where Michael Gilligan, his wife and two daughters, Sarah, sixteen, and Nellie, fourteen, were found unconscious from smoke.

STEP LIVELY MAN HELD ON CHARGE OF ASSAULT.

Subway Platform Guard Accused of Punching Contractor Arrested by Bystanders.

James J. O'Dowd, a station guard on the Ninety-sixth street subway platform of the subway, is under \$200 bonds today to answer in Special Sessions on a charge of assaulting Thomas W. Donnelly, fifty-five, a contractor, of No. 34 Hamilton place, during the rush hour last evening.

Donnelly said the guard struck him in the eye and dragged him from the platform of a local train he was boarding. The train guard, Donnelly said, had slammed the door on his arm while O'Dowd struck and dragged him.

During the trouble dozens of passengers tried to get a punch at O'Dowd, and judging from his looks afterward a few of them were successful. Two citizens arrested O'Dowd and took him to the West One Hundredth street station. In the Night Court Magistrate House said:

"An familiar with the treatment given to passengers in the subway, I now ride on the 'L.' Mr. Donnelly, you were lucky to have passengers to help you out."

Lord Strathcona Better.

LONDON, Feb. 22--Lord Strathcona is suffering from influenza, and the symptoms have caused considerable anxiety to his physicians owing to his age (he is in his ninety-second year), but an improvement has set in and his bodily strength is being maintained.

MORE ALIENISTS TO MAKE TEST OF HASLETT'S SANITY

Physicians Differ as to Rich

Hermit--Will Ask Court to

Name Another.

MANY CLAIM KINSHIP.

Attorney Lord Tells of New

"Heiress" in Scramble for

Old Man's Wealth.

Failure of physicians to agree upon the mental status of aged Samuel E. Haslett, owner of the "house of mystery" at No. 125 Remsen street, Brooklyn, will lead to an application before Judge Fawcett, in the County Court tomorrow, for the appointment of an expert alienist to examine the subject.

In the meantime, a not a brain specialist will be secured by John B. Lord, the "millionaire heiress" long time attorney, to make an independent examination.

The examinations, it is believed, will delay the proceedings instituted by Mrs. Haslett, who is her second cousin.

John A. Patterson, president; E. A. Deeds, vice-president; G. C. Edgerton, secretary; W. P. Bippus, treasurer; Robert Patterson, A. A. Thomas, Thomas J. Watson, Joseph Rogers, Alexander Harried, P. S. High, M. G. Keith, William Cummings, J. C. Laid, Philip Ryan, A. A. Wentz, George R. Morgan, C. E. Walmsley, W. C. Hays, C. E. Snyder, Walter Cook, E. H. Epperson, M. N. Jacobs, M. L. Linsley, Jonathan B. Hayward, Alexander W. Sinclair, J. J. Runkle, Edgar Park, alias C. D. Foster, William H. Murry, William D. Flann, Earl B. Wilson.

There are three counts in the indictment against the official and employees of the National Cash Register Company of Dayton, O., who were indicted on charges of criminal violation of the Sherman anti-trust law by a special Grand Jury today.

The Adams Express Company was indicted on eleven counts charged with having attempted to collect more than established rates. Seven Cincinnati manufacturing firms were also indicted, accused of attempting to secure transportation at lower rates than those established by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The following officers and employees of the National Cash Register Company are named in the indictment:

John A. Patterson, president; E. A. Deeds, vice-president; G. C. Edgerton, secretary; W. P. Bippus, treasurer; Robert Patterson, A. A. Thomas, Thomas J. Watson, Joseph Rogers, Alexander Harried, P. S. High, M. G. Keith, William Cummings, J. C. Laid, Philip Ryan, A. A. Wentz, George R. Morgan, C. E. Walmsley, W. C. Hays, C. E. Snyder, Walter Cook, E. H. Epperson, M. N. Jacobs, M. L. Linsley, Jonathan B. Hayward, Alexander W. Sinclair, J. J. Runkle, Edgar Park, alias C. D. Foster, William H. Murry, William D. Flann, Earl B. Wilson.

There are three counts in the indictment against the official and employees of the register company.

The first charges that nearly all competition concerned have been bought out or driven out of business.

It is charged that restraint has been in operation for the last twenty years, although the specific charge is confined to the last three years. It is said to have been effected by selling and disposing of competitors and transportation, telegraph and telephone companies and ignoring the credit of competitors in settling their accounts.

The second and third counts charge the defendants with monopolizing the cash register business by the same means.

"I am not going to stop with these reports," he said today. "I shall immediately secure the highest class alienist I can find. I have asked Dr. Minton, Mr. Haslett's physician, to find this man for me. Tomorrow I shall ask the court to appoint another alienist of proficiency to examine this old man and report directly to the court. I cannot consent to have my old friend imprisoned without absolute proof that it is necessary, because if he ever awakens and realizes what had happened it would break his heart."

"Speaking figuratively, Mr. Haslett and I have slept in the same bed for nearly half a century and I am going to see that he is taken good care of, should it turn out that he is unable to take care of himself. We have been friends since I was a boy; I used to go up to the 'big house' with him, when the Haslett family lived at Clinton and Jerusalem streets years and years ago."

MANY CLAIM KINSHIP AND JOIN SCRAMBLE.

"Since this trouble has been ailed I have received scores of letters from persons claiming kinship with Mr. Haslett, in an apparent effort to lay claim to some of his estate. I know the letter family connections since the birth of old John Haslett, who was born in Charleston, S. C., a century ago. Samuel Haslett, the last member of the family, had but two close relatives--his sisters, Ellen and Mary, both of whom are dead. His present collapse is due, I believe, to the recent death of his sister Mary."

Dr. Henry B. Minton, of No. 166 Jerusalem street, who has been attending Mr. Haslett, at Mr. Lord's request, since the aged man's collapse, declared today he had not yet received the reports of Dr. Wilson and Butler.

"I expect to receive them this afternoon," he said. "And I will examine them thoroughly. I will then be better able to report to Judge Fawcett tomorrow."

"Mr. Haslett is senile and incompetent; so is a six-year-old child, but you could not call the child insane. I will not, for the same reason, say that Mr. Haslett is insane. I have not yet made up my mind on that point. At times Mr. Haslett's mind seems perfectly clear and his memory good; at other times he remembers events of the civil war, but forgets things of today. That happens to all of us, though, and without other things to back it up, I would not say this proves he is insane."

"It must be remembered that Mr. Haslett is suffering from a great shock, and when he recovers from it his mind may be entirely clear."

George H. Decker, the nurse arrested with former Senator Gardner, is still a prisoner in Raymond street jail.

Supersedes Massage as Wrinkle Remover

(The Woman Beautiful)

Many women regularly visit the beauty specialist to have their wrinkles ironed out with the help of hot applications, cold creams and massage. Most of us realize that there comes a time when no amount of persuasion of this sort will avail. This process of "wrinkle removing" is wrong in principle. Both the hot water and the massaging tend to expand and loosen the skin, besides softening the muscular foundation.

The very opposite result should be aimed at. The tissue should be strengthened, the skin tightened, so there'll be no room for wrinkles. The best known preparation for the purpose can be made at home by dissolving 1 or 2 grains of 1/2 pint with hazel. Use as a wash lotion. The effect is really marvelous. Tell the druggist you want the powdered azoxide, which dissolves immediately--Adv.

CASH REGISTER COMBINE CHARGED; THIRTY INDICTED

Officials of National Company

of Dayton, O., Accused of

Sherman Law Violations.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 22--Thirty officials and employees of the National Cash Register Company of Dayton, O., were indicted on charges of criminal violation of the Sherman anti-trust law by a special Grand Jury today.

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